

**stay gold**

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## stay gold by melliesgrant

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**Summary:**

richie is desperate to win best couple costume at derry high's halloween dance, and who better to go matching with than stanley uris.

## stay gold

it's the derry high annual halloween dance and almost all of the school is there, usually everyone would be at the party at sally mueller's house, but this year they put a curfew on halloween and they were *strict*. apparently there have been some threats of violence this halloween so cops are driving up and down the streets to catch anyone violating this curfew, and the only way to have a semblance of fun and not break the curfew was going to the school dance.

richie and his friends had never gone before, they usually stayed at bill's and rented some scary movies, but this year they decided to go. it was mainly because bill's parents had a party to go to themselves and they were afraid to leave the kids alone with these threats. they were all either seventeen or eighteen but the denbrough's still saw them as children, and probably would until they graduated high school.

that was how they found themselves in this situation, scrambling for costumes to wear to the dance, and richie begging "someone please go matching with me!"

they all looked at him and shook their heads, knowing whatever richie wanted to wear would *not* be good for them.

"come on guys, they have a couples contest and i *really* want to win. please, please, please." he got on his knees as they all hung out one day, his hands seemingly ready to pray as he begged his group.

"sorry richie, i already have a superman costume." mike responded first, and richie almost offered to be lois lane until he realized that was already taken by the resident red head of the group.

"eddie and i are going to be batman and robin." bill spoke next, leaving ben and stan for his two options to match with.

"i'm going as an olympic track player, which i don't think would make much of a matching costume." there goes ben, always representing the track team he was so proud to be apart of.

"stan, please tell me you don't have anything." richie turned, still on his knees, feeling the sting of the gravel rubbing into his knees as he made eye contact with stanley. "you're my best friend, my love, the one person i want to match with. please, stan, do this for me and i'll do anything for you."

stan rolled his eyes in typical stan fashion, and put his hand out. "stand up, seeing you begging on your knees was fun at first but now it's just pathetic."

richie took his hand to help himself up, and wiped the pebbles that rammed their way into his knee. "are you sure it's not cuz if you keep seeing me on my knees like

that you'll get hard?" there is richie, making crude comments that make stan blush.

"shut up, say shit like that and i *won't* match with you." stan looked down to his feet, trying to hide the blush from the lanky boy towering over him.

it was an unofficial offical thing that stanley uris was crushing on richie, he was butt-crazy in love with that boy. everyone in the losers club knew except for richie, he was somehow blind to stan's obvious affections towards him, despite stan being so blatantly obvious with it.

"come on stanley, if you do me this favor i'll owe you big time...whatever you want." richie took stan's hand in his as he said this, making stan look up to this big eyes made even bigger with those ridiculous glasses richie still wore (stan found it so cute). god, richie did not know what he was doing when he did this to stan. holding his smaller hands in richie's larger harder ones, telling him these things that made stan want to faint and fall in his arms.

he thought he was crazy for falling for richie tozier, and he was right.

"fine, i'll match with you, *but* i have to agree with the costume. i'm not wearing something ridiculous or embarrassing myself." stan agreed, though he knew he would the minute richie asked.

richie let go of stan's hands and missed stan's face fall, a wide smile showing those big horse like teeth richie had that stan thought was cute for some reason. they were right when they called him bucky beaver as kids, except stan saw it as cute rather than an insult.

"great! come over to my house and we can plan it all out. we better win or i'm going to trash the school." richie spoke, half serious.

"well i *won't* be helping in trashing the school, you can get kicked out on your own." stan rolled his eyes, using his typical richie centric sarcasm as a way to deflect his obvious crush on him.

"you're supposed to be my partner in crime, stan, don't bail on me so quickly." richie feigned dejection, but stan was used to his fake over dramatics.

"beep beep, richie." stan spoke, with a curled smile on his face that he desperately tried to hide, even more so when richie wrapped his arm around his shoulder as they walked with the group.

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the group disperses until it's just richie and stan, and stan is shy and scared but

trying not to show it. him and richie always hang out alone, but every time stan feels his heart beating frantically and thinks he's gonna faint, and he always has to hide it from richie so he doesn't suspect anything.

stan is convinced he has no chance with richie, it's all apart of his self loathing that has haunted him for years and years.

but he climbs in richie's truck anyway, always struggling since it's so high off the ground and stan hasn't grown since eighth grade when he hit 5'7", versus richie who seems to never stop growing. he's a beanstalk, and stan is jack because boy does he want to climb up that.

he shouldn't think such things, so he keeps his eyes on the road rather than look at richie and think thoughts that will leave him red in the face and his hands all clammy.

"you okay, stan?" richie questions as he drives them back to his house, used to stan being quiet but not when it was just them two.

stan and richie had been best friends since richie was one and stan was born (richie was a year older), and even as children they knew they were going to spend the rest of their lives together.

and so far they had, they were still best friends to this day, and even though they were close with the other losers when it came down to it it would always be stan and richie. just how they liked it.

"fine, just a bit tired." stan turned to look at richie as he spoke, a smile on his face reassuring richie, and richie swore he almost got in an accident at the sight. looking at stan like that, leaned against the seat, curls unruly and his big brown eyes looking up at richie, and his thin pink lips spread out into a smile.

richie would never tell anyone, but he thought his best friend was gorgeous.

so he had to turn away, look back on the road before he swerved to the side and killed them both, because stan was like the sun. he was like the sun because he was beautiful and warm and everything he wanted, but he couldn't look too long or he'd lose himself in it.

it's a good thing they weren't too far from richie's house, making it quickly over.  
"here we are."

parking in his usual spot the two boys jumped out of the truck, making their way to richie's door as he unlocked it for them. all the lights were off indicating that they were alone in the house for the time being, which both excited stan and made him nervous.

"come on, let's go up to my room and plan our award winning couple costume."

hearing it referred to a *couple* costume made stan almost swoon, but he followed richie up the stairs and into his bedroom none the less.

“so what were you thinking of?” stan asked richie, making himself comfortable on richie’s bed, finding the one clean spot on it and in his room to sit on.

“i don’t know, maybe some *brokeback mountain*.” richie winked at stan, teasing him and taking a seat on the rolling chair at his desk.

“so just a cowboy costume? not very distinguishable.” stan tried to play it off cool, especially since *brokeback mountain* was one of his favorite movies.

“all jokes, but i don’t know. batman and robin are already taken, and i wanna look good so no tweedle dee and tweedle dum or shit like that. we’ve gotta look hot, hot hot.” richie sang the last words, and since they were in private stan felt no need to deliver a snarky comment.

“well i honestly have no idea. we could be spongebob and patrick?” he offered up, but felt dumb immediately.

“did you not hear me say i want to look *hot*, and a sponge and a starfish aren’t exactly that. let me get my creative juices flowing, i always have been the *smart* one of us.” richie teased, getting a smack from stan which interrupted him rubbing his temple in hopes of an idea. “hey! watch it! i’m trying to think here!”

stan could only smile, loving how silly the boy in front of him was.

“greasers! like a grease meets the outsiders type thing, we could be ponyboy and johnny or some shit like that. come on, hair all greased back, cool sunglasses and leather jackets. we’ll pull some honeys and win the contest with our charming good looks.” richie got out of his chair as he said this, making ridiculous poses stan thought was his attempt at being a ‘greaser’.

“fine, not like i have any other ideas.” not to mention he wouldn’t mind seeing richie in that, and it was a pretty simple costume to get together.

“better not half ass this or bail out on me, stanley, i really want to win.” richie spoke with a pointed finger, and stan doubted they would win but did it anyway.

“promise, now i’ve got to get home and do some homework. i’ll see you later though.” stan got off the bed and walked through the mess that was richie tozier’s room to his door.

“wait, i can drive you.” richie offered, quickly getting up from his seat.

“thanks, but i can walk.” stan smiled at him, not wanting richie to go through the trouble of driving him home.

“are you sure? it’s no problem, really.” richie asked, leaning against his doorway, pale skin and pink lips in a goofy grin. it was going to drive stan *crazy*.

“i’m sure, thanks anyway.” stan smiled one last time, making his way down the stairs and to the door. “bye, richie!”

“bye, stan!” richie screamed back, smiling as he looked at stan walk out the door and into his heart.

he was just as madly in love with stan as stan was with him.

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so they go to the dance, separately in the end and both are excited to see the others costume.

richie has his hair greased up but not greased back, it’s still down and if it wasn’t so greasy it would look good. he has sunglasses on over his contact which he rarely wears, and a leather jacket over a worn out mickey mouse shirt and ripped jeans. all together and all on him, it really works.

and he’s talking with bill and waiting for stan, and when he walks in he almost drops his spiked punch because stan looks *hot*. his curls are greased back so you wouldn’t even think curls are under there, and it makes you focus more on his face which is absolutely *gorgeous*. he’s in all black, a look richie has never seen him in, but he secretly loves. he loves seeing him in a black shirt and leather jacket and black skinny jeans that make richie’s jeans feel tight too.

“stan the man, looking good. i haven’t seen your hair like that since your bar mitzvah, and you looked hot then and you look hot now.” richie says as he greets him, putting his arm around the shorter boy to make sure everyone knows they were matching.

“you guys have to sign up to be apart of the couples contest, you know that right? none of us did so you guys could actually have a chance.” bill teased, and richie made a mocking face in response.

“let’s go, stanley my man, we still gotta win this thing.” richie leads stan to the booth with the entries, and stan’s heart is racing at the sight of richie and that his arm was *still* around him.

tonight was the best night of his life, or at least he hoped so.

richie only lets go of his grip on stan to sign them up in the almost empty bin, making him realize almost nobody cared about this shit, but he was still dead set

on winning.

writing down in his chicken scratch handwriting *richie tozier and stanley uris* he quickly enters it and grabs stan's hand, that big smile on his face and asking. "come dance with me?"

stan doesn't even have to speak, just nod his head and give him a lovestruck smile as they go to the dancefloor. they dance to some trashy top 40 hit that they can barely hear the lyrics too, but they jump around and richie is a *horrible* dancer making stan laugh until his stomach hurts (richie loves the sight of it).

stan swore richie was starting to dance worse just to keep him laughing.

stan was right, richie *was* doing that, because he loved getting stan to laugh and he loved seeing him laugh and he loved him.

isn't it funny how two people can be so crazy in love with each other but not tell the other?

it must be a high school type of thing, or at least that's how they imagined it.

"are you having fun?" richie screams to stan over the music, his dancing all over the place making his hair go crazy.

stan moves closer so they can talk, screaming in response. "yeah, more than i thought i would!" stan was never a school dance, homecoming game type of guy. the only reason he ever went to games was for mike since he was on the team, but he was bored and cold throughout it all.

"good, i can't have it getting around that my date is bored." richie screams back, and stan's dancing falters a bit before he gets back into the rhythm.

"date?" he questions, unable to ask anymore.

"well, not a date but...*you know*. we're a couples costume, you're *kind of* my date." richie gives an unsure smile to stan, and stan doesn't understand what he means but nods anyway.

they dance until they're tired and sweaty and they both agree they need something to drink, and while richie gets some of the juice spiked with vodka stan sticks with the clean water in the cooler to the side.

"hey guys, you look great." coming from superman, or rather mike, it was a great compliment.

"thanks, mikey, you look great. where's lois?" richie asks, looking mike up and down, his costume is great.

“with ben, of course.” even though they were matching they were nothing more than friends, beverly’s heart belonged to ben hanscom.

the two followed mike back to the table claimed by the losers, all of them sitting their either talking or eating the halloween themed snacks.

“they’re going to announce the winners soon, shut up!” beverly tells them when they get too loud, and stan and richie are squeezing each others hands in hopes that they win.

up on stage is some girl in the grade below them, and richie is blanking on her name because he’s so excited he hopes he wins. “and the winner of this halloweens couple contest is...eddie corcoran and betty ripsom!”

feeling dejected and disappointed as he watches the winners in a ketchup and mustard costume go up on stage, he’s sad and pretending to be mad because that’s what they all expect. “this is bullshit, come on stan, let’s blow this popsicle stand.” he grabs stan’s hand and drags him out, and the losers know he isn’t *really* mad and let them be.

“richie? are you okay?” stan questions as they walk through the empty hallways and out to the parking lot.

“yeah, but our costumes were *so* much better than that shit.” his lanky arms flail around as she speaks.

“you’re not actually mad, are you?” stan questions, unsure.

richie smiles and laughs as he unlocks his truck, ready for them both to go in. “no, but i’m still going to destroy the school since they stole my claim to fame from me.”

stan shakes his head and gets in richie’s death trap of a truck, looking at richie and wishing they won for his sake.

“i’m sorry.” stan says, and he’s doing it again. he’s leaning against the seat and looking so precious that richie wonders how he is still resisting himself.

“stan, it’s fine. i had fun, and i hope you did too.” god, he’s starting to treat this like a date.

stan nodded, giving him a genuine smile. “i did...i always have fun with you richie.”

richie takes off his sunglasses and gives stan that look, that look of tenderness and loving and stan’s lips open a bit at the sight, because he is so in love with his best friend and he just can’t resist...

so he doesn't.

he leans in, hypnotized by richie's plump pink lips and big brown eyes, and their lips are pressed against each other. it's soft, barely a peck, but it's something and stan pulls away because he's so shocked by what he did.

he looks at richie with terror in his eyes, worried that he ruined everything he had, but as he looks richie's eyes are still closed and his lips are so kissable and stan is under his trance so he goes in for more.

this time it's a real kiss, and richie cups stan's cheek and stan grabs richie's shoulder and kisses him the way he always wanted to. he kisses him like it's the last time he'll ever kiss him, he kisses him like he does in his dreams.

they finally pull away with their foreheads still together and their arms still all over each other, and they look into each others brown eyes and smile.

"i guess this technically was a date." richie speaks first, his smirk making stan's smile grow wider.

"good, i was hoping it was." stan responds, and he doesn't think he's ever smiled bigger than he is right now.

and they were right when they said they would spend the rest of their lives together, because that's what you do when the person you love loves you back.